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Northern Messenger

W Bronscombe 30 09

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'The "Messenger" is far superior to anything I know of for the Sunday School.'—W. Ruddy, Toronto, Ont.

DOMINION DAY

(From a published poem by 'Fidelis'—Agnes M. Machar).

Four nations welded into one,—with long historic past,
Have found, in these our western wilds, one common life, at last;
Through the young giant's mighty limbs, that stretch from sea to sea,
There runs a throb of conscious life—of waking energy.
From Nova Scotia's misty coast to far Columbia's shore,
She wakes,—a band of scattered homes and colonies no more,
But a young nation, with her life full beating in her breast,
A noble future in her eyes—the Britain of the West.
Hers be the noble task to fill the yet untrodden plains
With fruitful, many-sided life that courses through her veins;
The English honor, nerve and pluck,—the Scotsman's love of right,—
The grace and courtesy of France, the Irish fancy bright,—
The Saxon's faithful love of home, and home's affections blest;
And, chief of all, our holy faith,—of all our treasures best.
A people poor in pomp and state, but rich in noble deeds,
Holding that righteousness exalts the people that it leads;
As yet the waxen mould is soft, the opening page is fair;
It rests with those who rule us now, to leave their impress there,—
The stamp of true nobility, high honor, stainless truth;
The earnest quest of noble ends; the generous heart of youth;
The love of country, soaring far above dull party strife;
The love of learning, art, and song—the crowning grace of life;
The love of science, soaring far through Nature's hidden ways;
The love and fear of Nature's God—a nation's highest praise.
So, in the long hereafter, this Canada shall be
The worthy heir of British power and British liberty;
Spreading the blessings of her sway to her remotest bounds,
While, with the fame of her fair name, a continent resounds.
True to her high traditions, to Britian's ancient glory
Of patient saint and martyr, alive in deathless story;
Strong in their liberty and truth, to shed from shore to shore
A light among the nations, till nations are no more.

A Land of Wondrous Investments.

Just as our age and our land is unique in opportunities for gold-getting, so it is unique in open doors for wondrous investments. Fields abound in which to plant gold and reap untold harvests.

Here are, say, 5,000,000 Canadians, given by the All-Upholder the stewardship of over 3,400,000 square miles of God's own choicest land, stored by the Creator with untold wealth, in timber, minerals and agriculture. It is the last great tract to be peopled and it is filling fast. They are coming to us from all nations untaught and untrained. They are, by their very presence amongst us, helping to lay the foundation of this nation which is to mean so much in the world for weal and woe in the days that are ahead.

Optimists tell us that the blending of races is good, and point to the might of the British as a proof. It must be remembered, however, that the races blending to form the modern Britain were not assisted immigrants living in filth and squalor, but they were the sea kings and the conquerors of Northern Europe. Not paupers, but princes. Not refugees from Southern Europe, but the flower of Normandy and the pick of the Angles, the Jutes, Saxons and Danes—men of the North, men of brain and heart and muscle, restless, unconquered, empire-builders. These men, under the transforming touch of Christ, have made the British of to-day. And now, in greater hordes than ever swept over Great Britain, the foreigners are coming to our land in their ignorance and vice, and unless they are trained, educated and saved, this Canada in the years to come, instead of being the great northern beacon light showing the world the way in all the arts of peace, will be a veritable Sodom in its evil and degradation.

Unless the Church is planted throughout this new land ahead of the saloon and the brothel it may take centuries to overtake the lost ground. Now this needs money, and much money. Gold placed here—and placed here promptly—will bring in exchange a rich heritage, not only to the giver and his children, but to the land and the kingdom of Jesus.

Not only are the foreigners coming with their strange ways and narrow vision, but the brightest and most enterprising of the sons of Old Canada are going to this new land, and unless the Church is there to greet them, many a fair character, the hope and joy of the old home, will be eternally smirched, and many a promising life will be ruined. Here, then, is an opening better than ground-floor stock in a chartered bank or transcontinental railway. Better? Yes, as heaven is better than earth, and eternity is longer than time. If this article were the prospectus of a new company to extract gold out of moonbeams, and the Banks of England and Montreal guaranteed its stock on a ten percent dividend basis for all time, how the gold would pour in. And yet the investment in human character is vastly more valuable. 'Wouldst thou plant for eternity? Then plant in the infinite faculties of man.'

Here are two cases from life. Two young men went west in the early eighties from Christian homes in Ontario. Both were for a time caught in the whirl of things ungodly. But one, being under no church or home influence, drifted into the vilest of vices, and staggered in time to a suicide's grave. The other, settling near a church, was brought under its influence, was converted, and is to-day preaching the Gospel of an incarnate, crucified, risen, and ascended Saviour. Would you not like to know that some of your money went to build and support that pioneer church? Now, this is but a type of what the Church is doing all over that land—and, sad to say, a type of what is happening, too, where the Church is not.

This is our day for investing—to-morrow, that long to-morrow, whose twilight human eye shall never see, will be our day for dividends.

Again, careful statisticians tell us that 5,000 of our fellows in Canada go annually to drunkard's graves. This means many times 5,000 broken hearts, multitudes of hungry children and darkened homes. The squalor and sorrow, caused by whiskey, baffles words to picture. It must be seen—nay, it must be felt, to be understood. One out of every six of our boys falls a victim to liquor, and no home is sure of safety. No one can tell whose boy will fall. It may be yours, it may be mine. Often the most unlikely one stands, and the boy of careful nurture and tender training falls.

And yet we Christians have the power in our hands to end this whole ghastly, gruesome, hell-filling, heart-breaking tragedy. And why do we not? Partly because of inertia, but chiefly because of avarice. Gold blocks the way. Many men will not fight it because their property or business, they think, would suffer. Besides this nearly every temperance effort that fails, fails for lack of funds. Whiskey has money and uses it. We have little or none.

A strong, well-organized, central committee in each provincial capital of Canada, with plenty of money with which to push the battle, could in a few years have the most of Canada under local option. And it is a short road from that to prohibition.

Is not this an attractive investment for your gold? What dividend would this pay? How would a sober Canada do? A land in which every home was secure from the enemy, whose aim is the souls of boys. A clean, pure, God-fearing land, with all the filth, squalor and sorrow of the infernal traffic blotted out. Would that pay?—'Methodist Magazine.'

My Canada.

(R. Walter Wright, in the 'Canadian Teacher.')

O Canada! My Canada!
My heart is all with thee,
Thy hills and valleys glorious,
Thy fields and forests free.
I love the light that leaps across
Thy landscapes and thy skies,
The hope that heaves thy strong young soul,
And sparkles in thine eyes.
O Canada! My Canada!
Land of the maple tree!
No sun like thine, no stars that shine,
Can be so dear to me.

I love thy lakes like oceans vast,
Their magic vapors thin,
The sandy beach and rocky cliffs,
Where white caps thunder in.
I love thy gold-green prairies broad,
Thy mountains, cloud impearled,
Thy springtime with its sudden flash,
Thy autumn flags unfurled.
O Canada! My Canada!
Land of the maple tree!
No sun like thine, no stars that shine,
Can be so dear to me.

I love thy blythe and bracing air,
Thy children fair and free,
Thy full sweet joy of home and hall,
Thy songs of liberty.
I love thy manly sense of right,
Ideals high and broad,
Thy shrines of truth where clear bright eyes
Look out and up to God.
O Canada! My Canada!
Land of the maple tree!
No sun like thine, no stars that shine,
Can be so dear to me.

I love thy flag that far and wide
Floats o'er thy fertile plains,
So will we by the help of God
Preserve it free from stains.
I glory in our Empire vast,
For all are Britons we;
Our boast shall of our heritage,
Our King and Country be.
O Canada! My Canada!
Land of the maple tree!
No sun like thine, no stars that shine,
Can be so dear to me.

Bound for Canada.

(James Creelman, in 'Pearson's Magazine.')

They are going with a swing and a song by scores of thousands, these sun-tanned, stalwart farmers—going from fat American farms in the brave Northwestern States over into the wonderful new wheat country of Canada—and they are taking children, money, cattle, waggons and cherished householdings with them, hardly casting a glance behind at the old flag they leave to dwell under the ancient colors of a king.

There is romance and color and chivalry enough in this excited trooping of American multitudes across the northern frontier; and there is a thrilling sense of discovery, a feeling that something extraordinary in the way of courage and power is treading its way over the flat Canadian wilderness where those who have suffered the long winter can see the yellow summer surging of wheat and oats and barley, while an army of railway workers fight desperately to complete the second great transcontinental line that is to span British America.

The sweep of it, the eager, tense, hopeful, joyous swing of it, is as music to the soul of men and women who know the stern realities of life and want nothing but opportunity and the things that follow hard work and simple faith.

It is said that the northward exodus may reach the impressive proportions of two hundred thousand persons.

Do you realize the tremendous meaning of this movement? It can almost be expressed in dollars.

These are not ignorant and penniless louts, stumbling confusedly into strange conditions. They are, for the most part, men with bank accounts, who ride in parlor cars—educated, trained American farmers—small capitalists and proprietors who understand how to live and thrive in the mighty wheat plains of Western Canada.

The heart of this new country, which has been opened to the people of all lands, is already thrilling with an impending sense of political power, a pregnancy big with signs of change. A new nation is arising to the north of us, not a mere tap-root of old Europe, but a great trunk that is putting out branches of its own.

If the gallant Jacques Cartier could arise from four centuries of Brittany dust and come back to the blue St. Lawrence, through whose shores the waters of the Great Lakes sweep to the Atlantic, he would find a flag of the English King flying everywhere in the country to which he brought the cross of Christ and the sword of France, but nowhere would he find an English soldier north of the more than three thousand miles of frontier that divides the United States from the great Dominion of Canada.

The last English redcoat has vanished from this continent, and three thousand Canadian soldiers, commanded by Canadian officers, are the sole standing army that guards British North America, with its cannon-lined strongholds at Quebec, Halifax, and Esquimault—an army employed and paid by the people of Canada.

It is not so long since everything in Canada west of Lake Superior was wild land, a trackless country commonly supposed to be fit only for its native Indians. The average man thought of it as an icy waste, sterile in summer and uninhabitable in winter.

That part of the Dominion of Canada has now a population of a million and forty-nine thousand persons.

You may go to-day northward from the marvellous grain lands of Manitoba and come to a country where moss and ice are always to be found and where it is not unusual to see herds of two hundred thousand reindeer. One survey party has reported the sight of four million reindeer in four days.

No one thinks of looking upon these animals as game. They feed and act somewhat like domestic cattle. So indifferent are they to the presence of human beings, so stolid and incapable of alarm, that mighty herds, stretching out for miles, go on browsing moss while photographers approach them. Nor does the killing of a deer by Indians armed with pointed sticks serve to stampede its comfortable companions.

Yet to the west of this dreary and forbidding land, and extending much further to the north, are millions of acres of fertile, friable, and well-watered lands, in the new provinces of Saskatchewan and Alberta, awaiting settlers.

(Continued on page 10.)

BOYS

If you would like a nice rubber pad, with your own name and address, also a self-inking pad—all for a little work, drop us a card and we will tell you about it. Splendid for marking your books, etc. Address, John Dougall & Son, 'Witness' Office, Montreal.

LESSON,—SUNDAY, JULY 11, 1909.

Paul's Second Missionary Journey—The Philippian Jailor.

Acts xvi., 25-40. Memory verses 29-31. Read Acts xvi., 16-40.

Golden Text.

Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, and thy house. Acts xvi., 31.

Home Readings.

Monday, July 5.—Acts xvi., 16-24.
Tuesday, July 6.—Acts xvi., 25-40.
Wednesday, July 7.—I. Thes. ii., 1-9.
Thursday, July 8.—II. Cor. xii., 1-10.
Friday, July 9.—Dan. iii., 19-27.
Saturday, July 10.—John vi., 37-47.
Sunday, July 11.—John iii., 9-17.

FOR THE JUNIOR CLASSES.

Is there any word in the title that any one of you is interested in? Of course, we are all interested in Paul, but who is the other person mentioned? The jailor: and who is a jailor? A man who looks after the people who are kept in prison, isn't he? If I were to lock you all up here in this room, and not let you go home, I would be your jailor. But, of course, I wouldn't be allowed to do that even if I wanted to. Why are people ever allowed to be locked up in prison? Only when they have done what is wrong you say, but sometimes people who haven't done wrong get locked up by a mistake, because people think they have. Indeed a great many very good people have been locked up in prison, and once, while Paul was out as a missionary telling people about Jesus, he and his friend Silas got locked up, and it is about that time and about the man who was their jailor that our story tells to-day. Paul and Silas got put into one kind of prison because they helped a poor girl to get free out of another kind of prison. Then God set Paul and Silas free from their prison, and when they got out they helped the jailor to get free from still another kind of prison. So you see that our lesson is all about prisons and the people or things that keep people prisoners, about the prisoners themselves and how God set them all free. You know when Jesus was here on earth He said that He 'came to set the captives free.' He didn't mean that He was going to open up all the jails and let all the wicked people in them escape, but when He said that, He was speaking about the two other kinds of prison that we have in our lesson to-day, the prison of sickness which keeps us shut up away from so much of good in this world (Luke xiii., 16), and the prison of sin which keeps us away from God (John viii., 34-36). So in our lesson to-day we have the story of a young girl who was set free from the prison of sickness, the story of Paul and Silas who were set free from the usual kind of stone wall prison, and the story of the Philippian jailor who was set free from the prison of sin.

FOR THE SENIORS.

There could hardly be a greater contrast than between the owners of the slave girl at Philippi and Paul and Silas. The former, parasites of society, trafficking in another's misfortune, and gaining their living from the ignorant credulity of their fellow beings: the latter, their opposites in every particular. It is the old conflict of oppression and justice, wrong and right, and the apparent victory of evil over good was turned by God into defeat. Although Paul and Silas were forced to leave the city, Luke remained behind, as is evident by the change from the use of 'we' in the case of their arrival (verses 11, 12) to 'they' in the case of their departure (verse 40). Possibly Timothy also remained, as he is not mentioned as of Paul's company early in the next chapter (verse 4), but if he did he certainly rejoined them shortly (verse 14). It seems probable that the work was left entirely in the hands of Luke and the early converts, and no finer commentary on the success of their labors could be had than is the epistle to the Philippians, written by Paul from another prison, eleven years after.

(SELECTIONS FROM TARBELL'S 'GUIDE.')

Verses 27, 28.—It was midnight, and the jailor had to call for lights; how could Paul from the inner prison see that the jailor was going to kill himself? We must understand that the inner prison was a small cell, which had no window and no opening except into the outer and larger prison, and that the outer prison had one large door in the opposite wall; then, if there was any faint starlight in the sky, still more if the moon was up, a person in the outer doorway would be distinguishable to one whose eyes were accustomed to the darkness, but the jailor would see only black darkness in the prison.—William M. Ramsay, in 'St. Paul the Traveller.'

Verse 30.—Man can not save himself. God never does anything for us that we can do for ourselves. He never gave a system of philosophy. The universe is before us, and we are left to our intelligence to frame a reasonable explanation of it. He never gave us a system of government. We were left to discern by reflection and experience the laws which determine human welfare. He never gave us a system of science. We were left to puzzle out for ourselves the problems of nature. What we are capable of doing God leaves us to do, although we may serve a long apprenticeship of thought and suffering before we attain the necessary proficiency. But we could not save ourselves, and therefore God has stepped in to deliver us by a mighty act of extraordinary grace. He has acted in the moral kingdom as He does not in the intellectual and social development of the race, the reason being that we have a natural power adequate to the situation, but not a moral power. The Incarnation was the stoop of God to do for mankind what it could not do for itself.—W. L. Watkinson, in 'The Duty of Imperial Thinking.'

I know much less about the atonement than I knew ten years ago; but I know that Christ came to save and that He does save.—G. Campbell Morgan.

Verse 37.—'They have beaten us, men that are Romans.' 'It is a misdeed to bind a Roman citizen—a crime to scourge him—almost parricide to put him to death,' said Cicero. 'In the most distant lands, even among barbarians, that cry ("Civis Romanus sum"—I am a Roman citizen) has often brought succor and safety.'

Verse 37.—'Let them come themselves and bring us out.' Those were brave words because it took a strong man to send back such an answer to magistrates who had treated him so outrageously only the day before. They were wise words, for they give us an apostle's interpretation of our Lord's language in the Sermon on the Mount concerning the non-resistance of evil, and show us that in St. Paul's estimation Christ's law did not bind a man to tolerate foul injustice. Toleration of injustice is unfair and uncharitable towards others if it can be lawfully redressed or at least apologized for. It is a Christian man's duty to bring public evil-doers and tyrants, instruments of righteousness like these 'Duumvirs' of Philippi, to their senses, not for his own sake, but in order that he may prevent the exercise of similar cruelties against his weaker brethren. We may be sure the spirited action of St. Paul, compelling these provincial magnates to humble themselves before the despised strangers, must have had a very wholesome effect in restraining them from similar violence during the rest of their term of office.—G. T. Stokes, in 'Expositor's Bible.'

(FROM PELOUBET'S 'NOTES.')

Verse 16.—Virgil's description of the Cumaean Sibyl Deiph'obe, in the 'Æneid,' written B.C. 30-20, furnishes a good idea of this slave girl's appearance when the afflatus came upon her. Even when the sibyl comes in view of the awful doors she begins to go through the terrible struggle which, according to all legends, invariably accompanied this form of prophecy.

'Unearthly peals her deep toned cry.
. . . . . .
'Her color changed, her face was not the same;
Her hair stood up, convulsive rage possessed
Her trembling limbs, and heaved her laboring breast: . . .
Her staring eyes with sparkling fury roll,
When all the god came rushing on her soul.
Swiftly she turned, and foaming as she spoke.'

'One of the marked characteristics of the Epistle of Paul to the Philippians is its joyful, hopeful tone. As in the Philippian prison he sang songs of praise eleven years before, so now a Roman prisoner, worn, fettered, diseased, hated, he rejoiced. 'It has been said that the sum of his whole letter is, "I rejoice, rejoice ye!" . . . His letter is like one of those magnificent pieces of music, which, amid all its stormy fugues and mighty discords, is dominated by some inner note of triumph which at last bursts forth into irresistible and glorious victory.'—Farrar.

Farrar, in his 'Messages of the Books,' pp. 303-306, contrasts Paul's rejoicing in prison with great and world known men in far less painful circumstances, such as Ovid, Seneca, Dante. On the other hand, 'Sir Thomas More was as cheerful in his prison as in his beautiful home at Chelsea. John Bunyan turned his jail into a sanctuary. Both of them adopted the same scheme as the apostle—praying to God and singing hymns.'

It is an historical fact that Christianity is the only religion that inspires men to sing. 'Mohammedanism has no hymnal, nor has Hinduism, nor Buddhism. No glorious outburst of sacred song from the hearts and lips of the people ever awoke the echoes of any heathen or Mohammedan temple.'

Junior C. E. Topic.

Sunday, July 11.—Topic—Standing or falling. I. Cor. x., 12, 13.

C. E. Topic.

Monday, July 5.—Life and light. John i., 1-13.

Tuesday, July 6.—How Jesus found me. John i., 40-51.

Wednesday, July 7.—Heavenly things. John iii., 12, 13, 16-21.

Thursday, July 8.—The living Fount. John iv., 10, 14; vii., 37.

Friday, July 9.—The living Bread. John vi., 52-59.

Saturday, July 10.—The pledge of life. John xx., 1-18.

Sunday, July 11.—Topic—Life lessons for me from the Gospel of John. John xiv., 1-21. (Consecration meeting.)

The Sunday School and the Minister's Training.

There is no single part of a minister's work more important than the Sunday School.

The divinity student is to be trained in the fine art of teaching. He is 'to be apt to teach;' for this we have high authority, and for it there is a great and crying need. He is to know what good teaching is, and how to train teachers to teach, for he is the chief teacher in this parish school.

These are the four courses that the modern Sunday School has added to the curriculum of the theological seminary, and now requires every man to pursue who would be prepared to do his parish work: The pastor must know his place in the school, he must know the school, he must know his child, and he must know his method.

The conditions of modern life lay upon the church and the ministry a large responsibility for the moral and religious education of our youth. This responsibility may not be met by the ministry without thorough, scientific instruction of the divinity student in this vast department of church work, and in the four directions indicated above.—Rev. George B. Stewart, D.D.

Sunday School Offer.

Any school in Canada that does not take the 'Messenger' may have it supplied free on trial for three weeks on request of Superintendent, Secretary or Pastor, stating the number of copies required.

Correspondence

ROYAL LEAGUE OF KINDNESS.

I pledge myself
To speak kindly to others,
To speak kindly of others,
To think kind thoughts,
To do kind deeds.

Anyone may become a member of the R. L. of K. by copying out the above pledge, signing and sending it to the editor.

PLEDGE CARDS.—For those who wish to have them, we issue neat and durable pledge cards, 4 inches by 6, printed in purple and white, and ready to hang on the wall. Single cards, five cents and two cents for postage; six cards to one address, twenty-five cents and two cents for postage.

BADGES.—We also issue for sale with the pledge card, if desired, a neat brooch pin of fine hard enamel, in the above design of a bow in our own league colors, purple and white. Single badge with pledge card, and postage included, twenty-five cents; five badges with pledge cards and postage included to one address, one dollar.

Mark all orders on both envelope and letter with the three letters R.L.K.

Edna Campbell, and W. Arthur Campbell, N., Sask., and Irene Douglas, S., Ont., are the new members for the league this week.

Winnipeg.

Dear Editor,—I received my Maple Leaf Brooch which I think is very pretty, then about three days later I received the 'Pansy Blossom' pictures, and, when I took two of the pictures to the new subscribers they thought they were very pretty, too, and I thank you very much for them. I like reading the stories in the 'Messenger,' for there are always some nice ones. I am not going to school now, but when I go I am in Grade Eight.

FAYE SMITH.

Ottawa.

Dear Editor,—I go to school every day and we have lots of fun, so many girls to play together. I came from the country when I was only two years old. I have just one brother. We do like to read the 'Messenger' every week. We have a dear little canary bird, it sings beautifully. In summer vacation I love to go to the country to see all my cousins. We have a lovely time playing in the barn.

KATHLEEN MELDRUM.

E. V., Que.

Dear Editor,—I am an English boy and came from England three years ago this June. I enjoyed the trip very much. I have one brother and he came to this country the same time as I did. Now I have an adopted mother, two brothers, and three sisters. We get the 'Messenger' every week, and we like it very much. This is the very first letter I have written to the 'Messenger.' One of my sisters says she used to write sometimes. We have two milking cows, one little calf and three sheep. I am very fond of working on a farm.

GEORGE PERCIVAL MacDONALD.

D., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm. I have a little puppie named Watch, and a cat named Midget. My papa got me a little Shetland pony a year ago, and I have a little buggy and cutter for her. Her name is Maud. I have lots of fun with her.

IRVINE SHAW (aged 9).

B., Ont.

Dear Editor,—The 'Messenger' was sent to me by a dear friend, and I am ashamed to say that this is my first letter. I live in a little town which was built up by a mining company, as there are four or five iron mines within about three miles, and they ship the iron ore by train. It passes by our house several times in the day. All was shut down in the fall, but I am glad to say that the whistles are blowing and everything is starting up again. I have no brothers or sisters, and my only pet is a lovely big kitty. I also have three dolls.

JANET BRUCE.

M., Ont.

Dear Editor,—As I see that a lot of the boys and girls have joined the R. L. of K. I think I will also become a member. I think it is a very good plan, and I hope that I will carry out my pledge and do as it asks me to do. I attend the Presbyterian Church in Perth, a pretty little town about six miles from here.

DORIS McPHAIL.

O. S., Ont.

Dear Editor,—We live on a farm near the lake shore. It is a very nice place in summer, because we can go down to the lake and gather shells and pretty pebbles, while in the winter we can skate and slide. It was too stormy to walk to Sunday School, so my brother Willie drove my sister Mary and me. There were thirty-five there and we got fifty cents in collection. We have a lot of pretty flowers.

JEAN MacLELLAND.

P. C., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a member of the mission band here and we are going to have a cantata. My friend M. S. and I are taking part. We live near Lake Erie and we often go bathing and enjoy it very much. We have a very nice sand-bar here. We have a new elevator and we expect a flour mill here soon. My father is a caretaker of a grove now. We often visit many places in our auto in summer.

HAZEL LESLIE.

S. C., Ont.

Dear Editor,—The mosquitoes are very bad around here, they would fairly take a chunk out of you. The spring is very beautiful. A few days ago the leaves just uncurled, now they are out in full leaf. Elva is thirteen and Gladys is twelve. We are very glad that summer is coming, so we can go to the Georgian Bay for a swim. We are very good swimmers. We suggest that we get something new to write on besides pets. There are five girls that chum together including us. One of our chums stopped school at Christmas. We both intend to try our Public School, leaving at midsummer.

GLADYS AND ELVA.

O., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm north side of the Cobequid Mountains. We have a beautiful view of them from my home. A river runs through our farm, where I fish and play in summer. I have two cousins in B.C. I get letters from them often. I have four brothers and one sister who is married and has two little boys. I received your 'Pansy Blossom' picture and was very pleased with it.

MAMIE R. CARRUTHERS.

N. H., C.B.

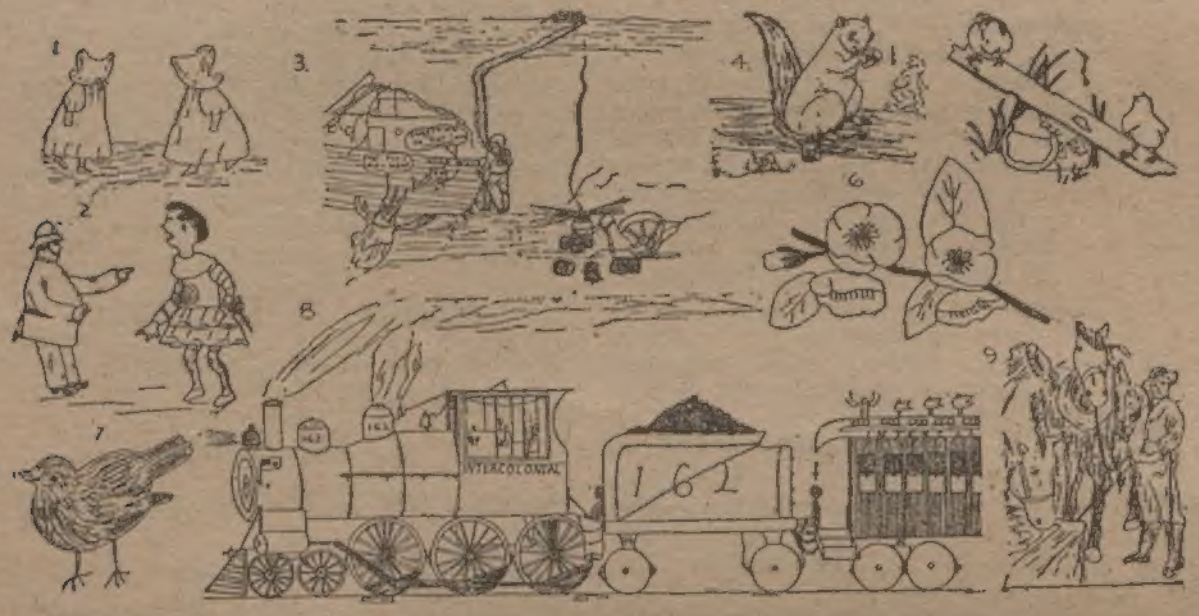
Dear Editor,—I think that the Royal League of Kindness is a very nice pledge. I don't go to school now, as an old lady that is teaching us was sick, but she is getting better now, and while she was sick I had to help mother. But I am going soon. I am in the Fifth Book, but I have not been to school long. I was seven years old when I came from Newfoundland, and I was eight before I started school. In my next letter I am going to tell about my life in Newfoundland and my home here.

ESTHER DOWLING (age 13).

M., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I live with my auntie and uncle and have no brothers or sisters. My mother and grandmother are both dead. We live near a creek, and in the winter time I have a lot of fun on the creek. Some children have a mile and a half to go to school. About forty children go to this school, and we have a lot of fun. We had two dogs but we had to kill one. It was a pretty little white one.

ELISE COOK.



OUR PICTURES.

1. 'Out to Meet Dannie.' P. C. L., Belwood, Ont.
2. 'Caught.' Francis Theodore Fraser (age 15), Montreal.
3. 'At the Bottom of the Sea.' John W. Paton (age 11), Montreal.
4. 'The Nut Cracker.' Clarence Adams (age 12), S., B.C.
5. 'The Chicks' See-Saw.' Annie Kreiss, A., Ont.
6. 'Poppies.' Mima Frances Heels, V. H., Ont.
7. 'A Bird.' James Cowie (age 8), Toronto.
8. 'I. C. R. Engine.' W. A. S., T., N.S.
9. 'At the Watering Trough.' Frederick Ralph Burford (age 10), H., Ont.

Water-wings.

Any boy or girl who lives near water, fresh or salt, where there is a chance of bathing, will enjoy the fun provided by a pair of fascinating waterwings. They are well named, for though made only of heavy white calico, they will hold up a heavy person easily, and are a marvellous help in learning to swim. They can be carried in your pocket, yet with a moment's blowing up they are ready for use. YOU can have a pair by selling only eight copies of the 'Pictorial' at ten cents a copy, or by sending us just one genuine new subscription to the 'Pictorial' at $1.00 a year, to any address in Canada (outside Montreal and suburbs). 'Now's the time to act quickly.' The waterwings are really splendid. Cash in advance secures your wings by return of post as well as the 'Pictorials,' but we will trust you with a package to sell if you mean business and your wings will be sent as soon as we get the money. Write us TO-DAY.

Address JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Agents for the 'Canadian Pictorial,' 'Witness' Office, Montreal.

N.B.—Watch for the prize list of the three months' competition just now closing. Six splendid prizes! Who will get them? Look out for new announcements. Get in at the first. The Dominion Day number will be a fine seller, too. See advt. on another page. Any boy reader may become an agent and make lots of profit. Particulars for the asking.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Priscilla's Letter.

(By Hilda Richmond, in 'The Wellspring.')

(Continued.)

When she went tapping home a few minutes later, Mr. Forbes looked after her regretfully. 'Now I've done it, Smith,' he said to his partner. 'I'm sorry for Priscilla Harvey, but people say she is very selfish. We'll have her to wait on and the work to do besides. If her father and mother hadn't been schoolmates and lifelong friends of mine, I never would have promised her. Not that I object to giving employment to cripples, mind you. I'm always ready to help them along, but Priscilla is thoroughly and completely spoiled. She lives like a princess, while her family all economize and save to keep her in luxury. A girl nineteen years old ought to know something about the family income, and be able to judge for herself what can be afforded.'

'Maybe her father and mother won't let her come,' suggested Mr. Smith, who was an optimistic young gentleman. 'I wouldn't worry till I had to, if I were in your place.'

'Don't you think it! The father and mother and all dance to her music. She'll be here to-morrow if she takes a notion. However, there's one comfort. She won't stay long. When she finds out how hard it is to work nine hours a day, she'll shake the dust of our establishment off her expensive shoes and go back to the princess business.'

Priscilla foresaw trouble in carrying out her plan, but she was surprised when the family doctor, whom her mother tearfully implored to assist them in keeping Priscilla at home, heartily approved of her being cashier in the grocery. 'Just the thing for her! Just the thing!' he said quickly. 'It will do her a world of good.'

Looking back over the first few days in the store, Priscilla often wondered how she managed to live at all. It was only her will power, and the determination to show Cousin Amanda that she could make a martyr of herself cheerfully, that kept her at the desk. Her back ached, her head buzzed with the unaccustomed noise, and every muscle in her body was tense from being held under force of will. She thought in those first few days that her term of martyrdom would be short, and one night she wrote a pathetic little note to Cousin Amanda which she enclosed with the letter that had driven her from home, as she expressed it, and laid it away to be given to Miss Amanda Tucker 'After my death,' as she wrote on the envelope with a firm hand. Then she sealed the letter, hid it in the private and exclusive drawer of her desk and dropped into bed to sleep as she had never slept before.

But in a week or two she was too busy and too surprised to think of dying. Trade was brisk and bills to make out numerous, so her thoughts were taken up with the price of sugar and flour and starch rather than with martyrs. It is hard to be planning what some one will do and think after one is gone, when the telephone jingles cheerfully and somebody wants to know the price of eggs, or a clerk inquires if Mrs. So-and-So wants brown sugar or white. Priscilla determined to wear herself out as speedily as possible, so she bent to her unaccustomed tasks with all the energy in her being, and rejoiced that she made no mistakes. At least she thought she made no mistakes, until she discovered that Mr. Smith was meekly enduring the scolding administered by an irate housekeeper because she had charged her two cents too much for butter, whereupon she reminded that gentleman that she always wanted to know when she made errors so she could be more careful.

'Mr. Forbes,' said Priscilla with glowing cheeks as she received her pay envelope the fourth week of her stay in the grocery, 'in making out statements of accounts this morning I discovered that my father's was long past due. Please take this money on it, and as soon as possible I will settle the rest.'

'Now, Prissy, your father wouldn't like that a bit,' said Mr. Forbes. 'I'm in no hurry anyway.' But Priscilla was not to be put off and the large bill was reduced one-third by the contents of the envelope, that very minute. Priscilla went home with a lighter heart than she had carried for months, and a little song was actually on her lips as she washed her hands for supper.

Cold weather gave place to the first days of spring and still Priscilla stuck to her post. One day the telephone bell jingled wildly and a woman's voice asked anxiously that three pounds of coffee be sent to her home without delay. 'We are to have a social here to-night, and I forgot all about the coffee,' she said. 'Please don't forget,' and she hung up the receiver.

(To be continued.)

Blossoms.

(Aunt Daphne, in the 'Child's Companion.')

'I wish that every little child lived near a meadow sweet,
So that on sunny days of spring they all could share the treat
Of gathering pretty cowslip blooms, and violets blue and white,
Dear daisies, and big buttercups, and other blossoms bright.'

Thus Mabel said to Sister Nell when they were looking round
Upon the lovely flowers of May that decked the meadow ground.
'I wish it, too,' was Nell's reply, and as she spoke these words,
A merry concert was begun by several happy birds.

On boughs adorned with dainty leaves the birds sang overhead,
The children listened with delight whilst several minutes fled;
Then Mabel said, 'Those merry birds are singing thanks and praise
To God, the Heavenly Father kind, Who sends the sunny days.'

And Nell made answer, 'Let "us" sing beneath this nice old tree
"Our" thanks to God for everything He gives to you and me!'
So there they sang this little hymn, which they in school were taught,
These words by which the grateful thoughts from out each heart were brought:—

'Dear God, we thank Thee for Thy love which causeth Thee to send
The gifts that prove to us each day Thou art our Greatest Friend.
We know that all good things on earth could only come from Thee—
The sun, the flowers—yes, "everything" we are so glad to see.

'Kind words and deeds are blossoms which to Thee are very dear,
And by Thy help we "can" give these at all times of the year.
So thanking Thee for all Thy gifts, our God of Love, we pray,
O make us kind that we may be as sweet as flowers of May.'

The Soldiers' Sacrifice.

Now and again one hears of courage which surpasses that of the mere fighter. The British soldiers, whose story is told by W. S. Burrell and Edith E. Cuthbert in 'Indian Memories,' showed a heroism which went far beyond that of the battle-field. The occasion was after a victory near Bareilly, and the British had all day been driving the Sepoy mutineers out of the small hamlets. The task over, weary, heated and consumed by terrible thirst, the company dragged themselves to a well, the only one in the vicinity. To their horror, they discovered that a number of native women had taken refuge in the well with their little babies. The mothers, overcome, had sunk down to drown, but had propped the babies on their bodies so that the little heads were out of water. Of course the water was undrinkable, and would be for some time to come.

Few can conceive what hot weather in Indian up-country is like. The thermometer bursts, the flying foxes hang motionless by one leg in the shade, and the very crows sit and gasp with wings outstretched.

On such a day the battle raged. At night the army must bivouac on the hardly won field and lie down in their tracks. With blistered feet and straining pulses the soldiers reach the well. Crazy for the cool water, they make the awful discovery.

Looking down, they see the small, round black heads of the Indian babies. Then to their ears comes a moaning cry, a little wail of weakness and suffering.

The captain looked at his men. Instantly the tired, fierce soldiers started into eager solicitude of word and action. In a short time eight tiny babies lay huddled, shivering and writhing on the dry earth.

Then, once more, the question of drink and food became foremost. At that moment a faint tinkle, tinkle, was heard, and there came into sight a herd of milch goats, browsing their way homeward through the twilight, unguarded save by the bell-nanny at the head.

With a shout of eagerness and relief, the whole company threw themselves on the herd. They were not easy to catch, but at last most of them were captured, and pannikins were quickly filled.

Meanwhile, the warm air had revived the babies, and a cry, great nd doleful, burst from

them—a cry of motherless and starving helplessness. Again the captain looked at his men. Then he spoke:

'Soldiers, you have fought for and earned everything you have or could possibly get this day. I don't order you, I don't even ask you — only — these children's mothers are drowned—and these children are starving.'

The men gazed at the babies. In a twinkling every baby had a big, bearded nurse to hold it, and another big, bearded under-nurse to hold the pannikin of milk to its little mouth. The long drafts of rich milk were given clumsily, but tenderly.

The captain, big, strong Englishman that he was, turned from the sight with a sob. Then he drew himself up with pride to think how he had the honor of reading and fighting with such men as these.—'Youth's Companion.'

Where the Fight is Strong.

(The Rev. Cleland B. McAfee, D.D., in the 'Westminster.')

It is great to be out where the fight is strong,
To be where the heaviest troops belong,
And to fight there for man and God!

Oh, it seams the face and it tires the brain,
It strains the arm till one's friend is Pain,
In the fight for man and God.

But it's great to be out where the fight is strong,
To be where the heaviest troops belong,
And to fight there for man and God!

Canada's Area.

(From Mr. Frank Yeigh's '5,000 Facts About Canada.')

Canada contains one-third of area of British Empire—3,745,574 square miles.

Only ¼ of Canada's area is occupied; ⅛ is under cultivation.

Canada's proportion of population is 1.5 to square mile. Australia, 1; United States, 21; England, 558; British Empire (outside of India), 4.

Canada has nearly a million square miles of practically unexplored area in the far north.

Eighty percent of Canada's area lies north of Lake Superior; 20 percent east.

Only 3½ percent of Canada's area is water.

Canada is bounded by three oceans, its 13,000 miles of sea coast line equals half circumference of earth.

Canada is 3,500 miles by 1,400 miles in area.

Canada has enough land to give each inhabitant 400 acres.

Canada is larger in area than the United States and its possessions by 5,000 square miles (with population of one-twelfth.)

Canada is as large as 30 United Kingdoms and 18 Germanys.

Canada is twice the size of British India, and almost as large as Europe.

Canada is larger than Australia by 1-3.

Canada is 18 times as large as France, 20 of Spain, 33 of Italy.

Britain's over-seas empire is 100 times the size of the motherland.

Canada has over 30 percent of Empire area, but only one and a half percent of Empire population of 400 millions.

Useful Scot.

(Janet Harding, in 'Good Cheer.')

Scot was a big collie with tawny yellow hair, bushy tail, pointed ears, and the wistful brown eyes so many dogs have, as if he were trying hard to understand what was going on around him and would like to speak his thoughts and tell how much he loved his master and little Kitty.

But actions speak louder than words, and so, I think, they knew it even though his speech was nothing but a bark. Kitty declared that if he couldn't talk he knew everything that was said to him anyhow; and he really was wonderfully clever.

He had been her mother's pet, and Kitty loved him for that dead mother's sake as well as for his own.

Kitty had never known a mother except from the picture on the wall which looked down on her in girlish beauty; but shadowy as was this presence, it yet had an influence over her life. For the loving eyes, she fancied, were filled with sadness on the days when she had been wilful and disobedient, while when she could whisper softly, 'I have been a good girl, mamma,' they smiled at her with tenderness and approval.

The motherless little girl and the big intelligent dog were the best of friends and playmates, and Scot was, besides, a faithful guardian to his little mistress.

Their home was in the country some distance from the village where the tradespeople were, and Scot learned to make himself very useful by going on all sorts of errands for the family. He seemed to enjoy his duties immensely, and anything more important or happy than he on his way to market it would be hard to find.

He seldom made mistakes, but if by chance he took the basket containing the written order to the wrong store some one would be

sure to set him right, and he always brought back the right things. And however savory the parcels smelled, he was quite above the temptation of investigating their contents, and woe betide any dog who attempted to stop him on his way.

Another of Scot's duties was to fetch his master's paper every day. They lived near a railroad, and Mr. Howard had arranged with a conductor to throw him off a paper as the train went by each morning. Scot was always at hand to scramble down the bank and pick it up, and from his evident enjoyment one might have thought the whole thing was done for his amusement.

One time his good sense and willingness proved of service to his master.

Kitty had said her 'Now I lay me,' and had been tucked into bed by Martha as usual one night, but she did not feel sleepy, and made up her mind that as soon as nurse had left her she would slip down to papa and have a chat, or perhaps coax him into telling her a story. So she closed her eyes and lay very still, and presently Martha, thinking Miss Kitty fast asleep, went away.

Then a little figure stole cautiously down the staircase, and with dancing eyes made a rush for papa's study.

But Mr. Howard was not sitting, as Kitty had expected, in his big chair before the fire. He was standing before his desk, very anxiously turning over a pile of papers, as if in search of something. All thought of amusement was lost at once in sympathy.

'Oh, poor papa,' Kitty cried, running to him, 'have you lost something?'

'Yes, dear, but you must not bother papa now. Go back to bed like a good girl,' Mr. Howard said.

'Oh, but please tell me what you have lost,' cried Kitty again, a queer feeling thrilling through her as she noticed her father shaking out a certain portfolio she very well remembered.

Something in the child's tone struck Mr. Howard. 'I am looking for a paper like this,' he said, holding up a legal-looking document. 'This size, only blue. Do you know anything about it?'

Kitty's face crimsoned.

'I took it out of your bag to play lawyer with at Aunt Margie's, when we were staying with her,' she said, piteously. 'The bag was open, and I thought it wouldn't be any harm. I didn't hurt it any, only I forgot and left it in the bookcase drawer. Auntie will take care of it, I'm sure.'

Mr. Howard looked sterner than Kitty ever remembered seeing him.

'You have done very wrong, Kitty,' he said, 'the paper was very important. I need it to-morrow, and I don't know how I am to get on without it. I have told you never to touch my papers. You have been very naughty.'

Kitty, overcome with contrition, began to sob bitterly, and her father, in spite of his anxiety, was melted at once by her distress. How could he scold his little daughter when she looked at him with her mother's eyes?

He took her in his arms, and Kitty passionately protested she would never, 'never'

do so again if papa would please forgive her this once.

But, though her father kissed her and assured her of his forgiveness, Kitty saw that his face did not clear, and learned from her own little sore heart that pardon cannot overcome the pain of a wrong action.

'Do you need the paper very badly,' she asked.

'Very badly, dear.'

'Can't you get it to-night, papa, in time for to-morrow?'

'No, dear, the last train for Madison has gone. It is too late even to telegraph.'

'Couldn't Scot get it?' asked Kitty, timidly, for her faith in Scot's abilities was boundless.

'I hadn't thought of that,' said Mr. Howard. 'It's possible he might make it. He can't get the paper, but he might carry the message. It's worth trying, anyway.'

Hastily writing a few lines, he went into the hall where Scot was stretched out enjoying his slumbers.

'Now Scot, you go,' he said, and at the words with which he was always dispatched on an errand, Scot sprang up, and with intent eyes and alert ears stood ready for directions.

'Now, Scot,' said his master, 'you are to take this to Jim at the station. Be quick, old fellow.'

Scot took the envelope, and as Mr. Howard opened the door dashed out into the darkness and was out of sight in a moment.

The time seemed long to Mr. Howard as he sat waiting with Kitty asleep in his arms and his eyes on the clock calculating Scot's chances of accomplishing his mission. He hardly dared to hope; for clever as Scot was, he had never been out at night before and might get confused. He knew Jim well and had often carried unimportant messages to him, but this was very different. He must be quick, too, for Jim closed at eight, and it was now ten minutes of eight. Would he do the two miles in that time?

As Mr. Howard had told Kitty, the paper was very important. His case in court to-morrow largely depended on it, and success meant much to the young lawyer.

Scot's hurrying feet on the path and his scratch at the door were welcome sounds. He brought this note from Jim:

'Your message sent all right. Scot found me closing up. He's a good dog and worth his weight in gold.'

Kitty danced for joy when she found that Scot had done his part so well, and went to bed much comforted. Mr. Howard, too, felt greatly relieved. The next day when Scot brought his master's morning paper to him, tied up securely inside was the precious document Kitty had mislaid, for so Mr. Howard had requested his sister to send it; and it would be hard to say which was happiest at its safe arrival, Mr. Howard, penitent Kitty or the faithful dog who, without understanding their joy, shared in it.

Never was a dog so praised and caressed as Scot. All the village heard of his run to Jim in the night, and if Mr. Howard had wanted to sell him he could easily have done so for almost 'his weight in gold.'

Scot is an old dog now, and not so swift on his feet as in those days, and Kitty is a big girl, as merry as ever, but fast outgrowing her mischievous ways. Scot's occupation of guarding her from trouble is almost over, and he rests from his labors in an honored middle age.

He is a happy member of a happy household, and from the wall the mother's loving face smiles down upon them all.

On Other Windows.

An old woman was busy in the single room that formed her home—an upper room with only a north window. Her visitor commented sympathetically on the lack of sunshine.

'You don't get it any part of the day,' she said, 'and you are shut away from all view of the sunrise and sunsets.'

'Eh, ma'am, but it's a fine, wide window,' interposed the old woman, eagerly. 'An' it's a big bit of the sunrisin's an' sunsets I do be gettin', too—through other folks' windows. Look there, ma'am,' and she pointed to a row of houses across the street. 'When the sun comes up of a mornin' them windows over there do be that rosy and shinin' with it I can tell well what kind of day is comin'. An' at evenin' them other ones is all a glory of red, like fires would be burnin' in 'em. Oh, but my big window is a comfort, and never fear but it gives me a share of all that is doin' in the skies.'

The spirit that can be glad in the sunshine that glorifies other people's windows, even though no ray but reflected ones reach its own, is indeed so sweet and strong that it can scarcely miss 'what is doing in the skies.' But how many of us see in the light that falls on other lives only an added bitterness to the gloom of our own!—The 'Christian.'

The Sticker.

Many years ago there was a small boy who was going to and fro about a house and who was rather troubled because he had nothing to do. Most boys with nothing to do soon occupy themselves by getting into mischief; and they have plenty to do when the time for punishment comes. But this was not that sort of boy; for after wandering about for quite a time he went into the kitchen and asked his mother and cook if there was not something he could do to help them. They smiled and looked quickly at one another. Then his mother said that if he was really anxious to help he could 'top and tail' some freshly gathered gooseberries which were on the table. Do you know what it means to 'top and tail' gooseberries? It means taking off the little things that grow at either end of a gooseberry so that those who eat the fruit after it has been cooked may be saved pains inside. The little boy quite understood what they wished him to do; and when they had drawn a chair near the table for him he set to work valiantly.

* * * *

For some time he worked splendidly. It was clear that as he pulled first one end of each berry and then the other he was really enjoying himself. But before long his little hands did not move so quickly, and soon he stopped a moment and breathed deep. His mother knew he was feeling the temptation to stop, so she encouraged him by saying that when children begin a task they ought to carry it right through. The small boy found life rather a trouble for the next few minutes, and more than once he nearly gave up topping and tailing. But suddenly he remembered what hard things Jesus Christ had done, and how He never gave up as long as it was right to go on, and the next minute, to their delight, the grown-up people in the kitchen heard him softly murmur to himself two lines of a hymn, which ran:

> That which my gracious Master bore,
> Shall not His humble servant bear?

And humming this over and over again he stuck to his work until the very last gooseberry was topped and tailed.

* * * *

Surely they gave him some of the gooseberries as a reward. Had I been there he would have had my share as well, unless the berries were not ripe. He really deserved anything anyone had to give him, for the little man was a sticker; and it is no wonder he grew up into a great minister of Jesus Christ, known as Dr. James Martineau. Do you stick to things as he stuck to topping and tailing? Many of my little readers are now, at school, and after holidays lessons always seem harder than ever. So it is a great temptation to give up trying to learn a vocabulary or to do a sum just because it seems so tiresome. But, children, it is worth while persevering; for it is the stickers who grow up into the best men and women. So if you find yourself giving up, remember, like James Martineau, how Jesus Christ never gave up as long as it was right for Him to go on, and try and imitate your Lord.—'Christian World.'

The Wishing Ring.

(Marie Earle, in 'Forward.')

I wonder whether you ever sigh,
  Lingering over the magic page
That holds the legend of years gone by—
  The quaint old story of prince and sage—
How one was offered his heart's desire,
  And choosing, chose but a gift of dross,
The gold that vanished beneath the fire,
  The crown that crumbled to dust and loss.

I wonder whether you smile and say
  Closing the volume on your knee,
'If only the chance were mine to-day,
  If only the choice were given to me!'
And you shut your eyes for awhile to muse
  On the beautiful things that might come true,
The power and the pleasure you would choose,
  If the Wishing Ring could be lent to you.

You know the riches of lasting worth,
  The joy that lingers beyond a day,
The peace and honor most dear on earth,
  And these are the gifts you would choose, you say.
But what if the vision really stands
  Close beside you, a daily guest,
Reaching out in his unseen hand
  Your chance of choosing life's first and best?

Oh, never a truth has proved more true,
  In all that the wise men write and say,
Than this of the choice that waits for you,
  Moment by moment, day by day.
The mornings come, and the evenings go,
  To come no more while the world endures,
Each with its gift of weal or woe—
  And what you honestly choose is yours.

Gold? You may have it if you will
  Paying the price of hand and brain.
Honor? The gates are open still
  To the loftiest heights man's feet can gain.
Ease? You need but to sink and drift
  Down to the quicksand depth of sloth.
Love and joy? If you only lift
  Your heart to God, you will know them both.

Close beside you the passing hour
  Offers the chance of bliss or bane,
Proven treasures of peace and power;
  Baubles pitiful, tinselled, vain.
Yours to cherish, or yours to lose,
  For an endless joy, or a lifetime's lack;
God be with you to help you choose
  The gifts of the hour that comes not back!

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Out of My Garden.

All out of my very own garden,
These currants so ripe and so red;
They grew where the bees love to gather,
Just down by the strawberry-bed.

I have lilies so tall in my garden;
I have pansies, rosemary, and rue,
And I've found just one tiny white rosebud,
Would you like me to save it for you?

—'Little Folks.'

A True Story of Two Little Pioneer Girls.

(Bertha E. Bush, in 'Little Folks.')

Six-year-old Rachel Webster was making an afternoon visit to her nearest and dearest friend. Her nearest and dearest friend was six years old, too. Her name was Roxanna Pray, and she lived only two miles from Rachel.

Now two miles may seem a long distance from your next neighbor to-day, but it was very near for pioneer times. Everybody said to the Prays and Websters, 'How fine it is to have such close neighbors!'

Rachel had walked every step of the way, but she never thought of being tired.

'What would you like to do?' asked Roxanna; 'would you like to go out and get prairie gum?'

'O, yes,' said Rachel, and without resting a minute, they started out over the prairie.

Prairie gum gathers on the sides and broken tops of the tall resin-weeds that dot the prairies with blossoms like little yellow sunflowers. They are strange plants. Some people call them compass plants. They say that the flat, divided leaves always stand up with the edges turned to the north and south, and that travellers on the prairie can tell from them which was to go. This seems to be true when the leaves are young and tender, but when they are old they stiffen, and point in any direction. That day the leaves were very stiff, for it was fall, and everything was brown and dry.

Rachel and Roxanna ran about from one tall stem to another, picking off a bit of gum here and a bit there, and chewing it as they went. It takes a great many of the small, colorless drops to make a piece of gum large enough to enjoy, and the little girls went a mile before they knew it.

'Listen! What's that?' said Rachel, suddenly. 'Why, it is your father, Roxanna. He is running towards us and calling. He wants us to do something. What is it?'

'Run! Run! Run!' Mr. Pray was calling. 'Run to the breaking!'

A 'breaking' was a piece of prairie where the sod had been turned over by the breaking-up plow. They could not cultivate the prairie the first year. It had to be broken up and then lie all the fall and winter.

This breaking was about a quarter of a mile south from the girls, and as far west of Roxanna's father, who was coming from the east. All around them was the tall, dry prairie grass. The smell of smoke was in the air, but the girls did not think of that. There was always smoke in the fall; for the prairie fires were all about.

'Run to the breaking! Run! Run!' Mr. Pray was shouting, waving his arms desperately. 'Run! Run!'

The sound came faintly, but they heard it distinctly. They wondered what was the matter, but they did not think of stopping to ask. Pioneer children were trained to obey without questions. Catching hold of each other's hands, the two girls ran just as fast as they could.

Again and again they were tangled in the long prairie grass, or stepped into a gopher hole, and stumbled or fell. But Roxanna helped Rachel up, and Rachel helped Roxanna up, and they ran on and on.

Would they never get there? They had run so fast that it seemed as if there was not a bit of breath left in their little bodies, but still they ran on.

They reached the edge of the breaking at last, and Roxanna's father came running up from his side. He seized Rachel with one hand and Roxanna with the other, and dragged them along into the middle of the bare black space.

'Lie down!' he gasped, and they all fell on their faces.

'What is it?' panted Rachel, but before he could answer, she saw.

Right behind them a big prairie fire was coming up. Through the tall, dry grass where they had stood just a few minutes before, the fierce fire was sweeping. The flames shot up as high as a house. In a minute the air over them grew full of smoke and flying cinders. Little wild creatures sped by them. And, O, how hot it was!

'O we shall be burned! We shall be burned to death!' sobbed Roxanna.

But Rachel never said a word. She was the kind of girl who keeps still, no matter how frightened she is.

Then there was a horrible rush and roar, and the fire was right above their heads! But the little girls did just what Mr. Pray told them. They put their heads down on the ground, and held them down while the flames were passing. There was no grass close around them to burn; for they were on the bare breaking.

In five minutes the danger was over. The fire had passed. All around them it was black and smoking. They could not step off from the breaking until the ground had cooled. But they were safe.

'O, suppose we had not been near any breaking! Or suppose father had not seen us and called to us!' shuddered Roxanna. 'We should have been burned up!'

And so they surely would have been. But the real thing that saved them from death they never thought of. It was their prompt obedience. If they had not started to run the instant Mr. Pray called to them, the fire would have overtaken them before they got to the breaking. They never thought of that.

Pioneer children were trained to mind.

GOOD LUCK
Buttercups hold Sunshine
Full And Running Over
But there's Luck for one And All
In the quiet Four-Leaved Clover
I searched the wide fields over
And did my very best
I found ONE Four-Leaved Clover
This young friend found the Rest
T. Townsend.

—'Little Ones' Annual,' Estes Lauriat, Boston.

The Merchants.

(Isabel Mackay, in 'December St. Nicholas.')

I am the Frost,
I'll show you diamonds, laces and tapestries
Of all variety
At lowest cost;
Weavings of chaste design
Perfect in every line;
Connoisseurs surely will buy of the Frost.

I am the Dew.
Notice my elegant bracelets and necklaces,
All of rare quality;
Pearls not a few;
Emerald and amethyst;
Opal all rainbow kissed;
Ladies rise early to buy of the Dew.

I am the Snow.
Let me display for you carpets most exquisite,
Choicest of bordering
Also I show,
Heavy and soft and white,
Spread in a single night;
Folk who have wisdom will buy of the Snow.

I am the Rain.
Something I'll show you priceless and wonderful,
Making these offers seem
Tawdry and vain!
'Tis but a cloak of gray
Wrapping the world away—
Happy the few who will buy of the Rain.

Keep up Your Grit.

The worth of a grindstone lies in its spirit. Sometimes after a stone has stood out in the open sunshine for a long time, it gets so hard that when we try to sharpen some tool on it the effort is a comparative failure. The wheels bearing the stone may go round all right, the boy turning it may sweat like rain, still the stone slips along almost uselessly and you go away with some disgust in your voice as you say:

'That stone has lost its grit. You can't sharpen anything on it!'

Lost its grit.

Have you ever seen men who have lost their grit? I met one not long ago, and he was not so very old, either. Just a young man in the high school; but he was saying with a long face and a doleful tone:

'I can't pass my examinations! I shall fail; I know I shall!'

What can a young man do when he has so little heart as that? He is beaten already in the battle. The man who keeps his heart strong and brave is the one who will win.

A farmer boy I knew bought some books and went upstairs in his father's house one winter to study all alone. Some who knew him said he never could do anything that way. He ought to go away somewhere to school. But he bent over those books day after day, learning every lesson as faithfully as he could have done in any school. When the time came he passed his examinations with credit. For three winters that young man toiled on, helping his father during the summer time and digging at the books at odd spells. Today he is a civil engineer for one of the great railways of this country. His grit was good. It carried him through.

—'Sunday School Messenger.'

Bound for Canada.

(Continued from page 2.)

Hundreds of thousands of acres of bituminous coal and high-grade lignite discovered along the prairie lines of the Canadian Pacific Railway make it possible to solve the fuel question in far Western Canada. It is said that the coal supply already known is sufficient to last Canada for hundreds of years.

Roughly speaking, there are about three hundred thousand square miles in the magnificent farming country that lies between Winnipeg and the Rocky Mountains, and the Dominion Government now offers more than 75,000,000 acres free to settlers. Some of this is semi-arid.

Each settler more than eighteen years old may have a hundred and sixty acres without price by establishing a homestead on the ground and cultivating about fifteen acres, or maintaining twenty head of live stock, for three years.

The Canadian Pacific Railway Company got $25,000,000 and 25,000,000 acres of land at the beginning to help it build its mighty system of transportation from ocean to ocean.

That one company still owns nearly 10,000,000 acres of the choicest land in Western Canada—picked at leisure by its experts—and is selling it to settlers at an average price of about seven or eight dollars per acre.

In addition to the enormous sums spent by the Canadian Government to promote immigration, the Canadian Pacific Railway Company spends more than half a million dollars a year for the same purpose. The Grand Trunk Railway Company is also carrying on an active immigration campaign.

And the new life that is pouring into this new American empire from the ends of the earth—Hungarians, Galicians, Russian Doukhobors, Icelanders, Germans, Scandinavians, English, Irish, Scotch, Americans! What tremendous souls of courage and independence are these to bring forth on the rich plains that but yesterday were abandoned to the red man, the antelope, and the fur hunter!

The Canadian Government has eighteen immigrant recruiting offices in the United States, each with a full staff, not to speak of a hundred and fifty commission agents. These agents receive a bounty of three dollars for every man, two dollars for every woman, and one dollar for every child sent from the United States into Canada.

Canada has also eight immigration offices in Great Britain, and contracts with about twelve hundred British booking agents, who receive five dollars for every adult agriculturist or domestic servant shipped to the Dominion, and two dollars and a half each for all similar immigrants between the age of one and eighteen years.

Millions of gay pamphlets and circulars have been scattered throughout the farming countries of Northern Europe and America. The immigration sirens sing season in and season out. And the Canadian railways have developed a new school of literature in their advertising departments.

To grasp the meaning of this tide of strength, courage and industry that is spreading itself out over the sea-like stretches of Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta, it is necessary to look at Canada as a whole, with British Columbia, an empire of timber, fisheries and mines bigger than France and Germany, lying beyond the Rocky Mountains; the Yukon territory, with its fabulous gold resources, lying, wedge-like, between British Columbia and Alaska; and away across the continent Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, with their fisheries, lumber, coal mines and shipping; further inland the great industrial provinces of Ontario and Quebec, touching the southern arm of Hudson's Bay, and stretching southward along the vast system of lakes and inland waterways that empty into the Gulf of St. Lawrence, carrying with them great harvests gleaned over thousands of miles.

Between this west and this east lie the wonderful wheat lands of Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta.

In the weeks I spent in Canada recently I had to struggle to understand some of the earnest and godly leaders of Canadian thought. The mere suggestion of annexation to the United States—a purely academic question, quite out of the field of realities—aroused a tone so fierce and contemptuous! The idea of ultimate independence for Canada was hastily waved aside as a matter too remote for speculation. And yet, the spirit of Canadian national consciousness burns in the true Canadian heart.

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The ARNOTT METHOD is the only logical method for the cure of Stammering. It treats the CAUSE, not merely the HABIT, and insures natural speech. Pamphlet, particulars and references sent on request.

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DOMINION DAY NUMBER

OF THE

CANADIAN PICTORIAL

Pictures of Canada's Governor-General in full uniform. Canada's Parliament Buildings. Fathers of Confederation at the Session that made Canada a Dominion. The two surviving "Fathers of Confederation". Premiers of the various Provinces of Canada. Many other pictures of great interest. Music Dept.—Canadian Patriotic Song. Good Story, Capital Departments, Fashions, Patterns, Jokes, etc.

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From your newsdealer or direct from this office. Yearly subscription rate, one dollar, including postage to all parts of the world. On trial to NEW Subscribers for six months for only 35 cents.

THE PICTORIAL PUBLISHING COMPANY
142 St. Peter Street, Montreal

N.B.—'Messenger' readers in Canada (outside Montreal), or in Great Britain or Newfoundland, can have the 'Messenger' and the 'Pictorial' for one year each for only $1.00 (worth $1.40), or if they can get the 'Messenger' through a club, they can secure the 'Pictorial' one year for 75 cents, by cutting out this advertisement and sending it with their money. See also clubbing offers on page 11.

..HOUSEHOLD..

FOR THE BUSY MOTHER.

The home dressmaker should keep a little catalogue scrap book of the daily pattern cuts. These will be found very useful to refer to from time to time.

2165.—Infants' wrapper.—Flannel, cashmere or challis are the best mediums for this little garment. One size.

2865.—Ladies' shirt-waist, closing at back and to be worn with or without the removable chemisette.—Dove-gray French crepe was used in the development of this neat model, though it is adaptable to almost any of the spring and summer, materials. Seven sizes, 32 to 44.

2869.—Ladies' dress sleeves.—No. 1, tucked; No. 2, having lining, and No. 3, plain.—These three stylish models are adaptable to any material. Seven sizes, 32 to 44.

2602.—Ladies' seven-gored skirt, closing with buttons down left side of front and having habit back.—An excellent model for any of the washable materials, as it is very easy to launder. Seven sizes, 22 to 34.

Always give the size wanted as well as number of the pattern, and mention the name of the design or else cut out the illustration and send with the order. Price of each number 10 cents (stamps or postal note). The following form will prove useful:—

Please send me pattern No. ....., size ....., name of pattern ....., as shown in the 'Messenger.' I enclose 10 cents.

Be sure to give your name and address clearly.

Address all orders to:—'Northern Messenger' Pattern Dept., 'Witness' Block, Montreal.

The Lemon as a Cleanser.

There is no excuse for rough or stained hands nowadays, no matter how much time you spend in the kitchen. A slice of lemon, or a skin from which the juice has been squeezed, rubbed on the hands will remove stains of all kinds; as a nail cleanser equal portions of lemon juice and alcohol helps to remove stains. It should be applied upon absorbent cotton wound about a sharpened orange stick. At night the hands should be liberally anointed with a toilet cream, and loose white cotton gloves worn to save the bedclothing.

Lemon juice will cleanse other things beside the skin. Copper may be cleaned by rubbing with a lemon skin and salt. It should be wiped at once with a cloth or chamois. Iron rust and ink stains may be removed from

ANOTHER CASH PRIZE CONTEST

ORANGE MEAT

Announces a New Prize Contest

MORE PRIZES THAN THE LAST

The First Prize will again be a LIFE ANNUITY of

FIFTY-TWO DOLLARS CASH

Equal to One Dollar Per Week Every Week During Lifetime

A Second Prize of One Hundred Dollars Cash
Two Prizes of Fifty Dollars Each
Ten Prizes of Twenty Dollars Each
Ten Prizes of Ten Dollars Each
Twenty Prizes of Five Dollars Each
One Hundred Prizes of One Dollar Each

CONDITIONS are similar to the last Contest, except that all **Orange Meat** Carton Bottoms must be sent in on or before November 30th, 1909.

Full particulars on private post card in every package of Orange Meat. If you enter this contest, complete the blank space below with your name and address, cut it out, and mail it to Orange Meat, Kingston, Ont., will count equal to ten carton bottoms.

TO ORANGE MEAT, KINGSTON.

I desire to enter your prize contest which must close November 30, 1909.

Full name .. ..

'To' .. ..

Address .. ..

linen by rubbing with lemon juice and salt and then exposing the spot to the sun.

For feverishness and unnatural thirst soften a lemon by rolling it on some hard surface, cut off the top, add sugar, working it down into the lemon with a fork; then slowly suck the lemon.—'The Delineator.'

Religious News.

The Basel Missionary Society has published some figures which throw light upon the frequently touched question, how much the native Christians contribute toward the support of the preaching of the Gospel among them.

On the Gold Coast, Africa, the Society has been at work now eighty years and the native Christians numbered 21,663 in 1907. These contributed about $13,000 for church purposes during the year, or more than $1.50 per member, while the contributions in 1902 were just a little over $1.08 per member. Thus there is a pleasing increase of contributions, although the Basel Society expends yet almost five times more in the country than the native Christians contribute.

In Kamerun, where the Basel Society commenced work twenty-one years ago, 7,068 native Christians gave about $2,250 in 1907, while the Society expended thirty-eight times more money for the whole work in Kamerun. However, in comparing the contributions of native Christians in the two places the reader should remember that the cultivation of coco brings much money to the people on the Gold Coast, but none to those in Kamerun, and that the work in Kamerun is almost sixty years younger than the other. In general, we believe the figures mentioned above prove a remarkable liberality in native Christians, who receive very little actual money after all.

Robert Hart has recently said that of his fifty years spent in China, during the first forty-five he felt as though he was in a close room with every door and window tightly shut, but the last five made him feel as one occupying a room with every window and door open and the breezes sweeping through from every quarter of heaven. Comparing what Mr. Mott found a few months ago in China with the state of things when he visited it twelve years ago; then there were 200 miles of railway, now there are 4,000, and 4,000 miles more projected; then the telegraph-wires had gone to a few provinces, now there is a network of them all over China; then there were no modern post-offices outside the foreign legations, now there are 2,500, and they are being opened at the rate of one a day. Six years ago, when in Japan, Mr. Mott noticed a few Chinese students in his audiences, but there were then less than 20 in that country; now there are several thousand Chinese students in Japan, the future leaders of the proudest nation under heaven coming from their seclusion to sit at the feet of their conquerors to learn the secret of their greatness! And they are in America also and in Great Britain; he himself has met 25 at Yale, 30 at Cornell and 40 at the University of California.—'C. M. S. Review.'

Synopsis of Canadian Northwest Land Regulations.

ANY person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years old, may homestead a quarter-section of available Dominion land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. The applicant must appear in person at the Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-Agency for the district. Entry by proxy may be made at any agency, on certain conditions, by father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of intending homesteader.

Duties. — Six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each of three years. A homesteader may live within nine miles of his homestead on a farm of at least 80 acres solely owned and occupied by him or by his father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister.

In certain districts a homesteader in good standing may pre-empt a quarter section alongside his homestead. Price $3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of six years from date of homestead entry (including the time required to earn homestead patent), and cultivate fifty acres extra.

A homesteader who has exhausted his homestead right and cannot obtain a pre-emption may take a purchased homestead in certain districts. Price, $3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of three years, cultivate fifty acres and erect a house worth $300.00.

W. W. CORY,
Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

When writing to advertisers please mention the "Northern Messenger."

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'Weekly Witness and Canadian Homestead'	$ 1.00
'World Wide'	$ 1.50
'Canadian Pictorial'	$ 1.00
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Worth	$ 3.90

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Any one of the group may be sent to a friend AS A GIFT subscription, if so marked.

THE 'NORTHERN MESSENGER' is printed and published every week at the 'Witness' Building, at the corner of Craig and St. Peter streets, in the city of Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall and Frederick Eugene Dougall, both of Montreal.

All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son,' and all letters to the editor should be addressed Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'

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WE selected $1.25 and $1.50 samples, and bid the price down by putting the quantity up. That's the simple story of this Shirt Sale, and the reason why you can buy such good Shirts for so little money. Don't miss this opportunity. Lay in your summer supply now while the assortment is at its best.

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